

# VARIETY.

## Be A Woman.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother,  
As the twilight hours began,  
Pleading with a son on duty,  
Urging him to be a man.  
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,  
Though with love's word quite as ready,  
Points she out the other duty—  
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something  
Made up of hoops, and silks, and airs,  
Used to decorate the parlor,  
Like the fancy rings and chairs?  
Is it one that wastes on novels  
Every feeling that is human?  
If 'tis this to be a lady,  
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter  
Speak of something higher far  
Than to be more fashion's lady—  
"Woman" is the brightest star.  
If you, in your strong affection,  
Urge your son to be a true man,  
Urge your daughter no less strongly  
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model  
Of that high and perfect beauty,  
Where the mind and soul and body  
Blend to our life's great duty.  
Be a woman! naught is higher  
On the gilded list of fame;  
On the catalogue of virtue  
There's no brighter or holier name.

Be a woman! on to duty;  
Raise the world from all that's low,  
Place high in the social heaven  
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.  
Lend thy influence to each effort  
That shall raise our nature human;  
Be not fashion's gilded lady—  
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

## Butter and Cheese Factories.

Forty years ago, the State of New York grew a surplus of Grain (Wheat) for exportation, and "Genesee Flour" was known and prized in many foreign markets. Canal-boats took in Wheat at almost every storehouse from Syracuse westward and brought it to Troy, Albany, and this City, for manufacture and sale. Now, all is changed. The Genesee valley is no longer mainly devoted to Wheat; even the counties west of Cayuga Lake no longer grow their own Grain. Sheep husbandry, once popular, is now on the wane. Dairying is rapidly supplanting all other farming in our rural districts; and we judge that the next census will return three times the number of cows in our State reported in that which preceded it by a decade. And even dairying itself is undergoing a decided and rapid transformation, through the introduction and multiplication of factories for the systematic and wholesale production of Butter and Cheese.

These factories are located near the center of each radius of three or four miles wherein grass and cows abound—usually but one in a township as yet, though they are being rapidly multiplied. A mill-stream and water power often determine the site, though we believe a small engine and boiler (four to ten horse) are preferred to a water-power. A cold and copious spring is well nigh indispensable; a good stock of ice, well stored and saved, is desirable. A large reservoir (like a cellar) is dug in the ground and tightly walled with planks; board platforms extend into this, floating on two or three feet of water, constantly renewed from the spring. In this reservoir, deep pails or cans are set and filled three-fourths full of milk—they sink and float in a like depth of water. The milk remains here 24 to 48 hours, when the cream is taken off and churned by steam or water-power—six to twenty-four churns being operated at once, with no draft on human muscle. The Butter thus made chafes on cream in the very highest condition, is of such uniform and superior quality as to bring from five to ten cents per pound more than fair farm dairies will command. And the milk, thus skimmed, is then made into Cheese, rather mild in flavor, but palatable and of very fair quality. We never wish to eat better than some of this, made wholly, of skimmed milk, and sold by the makers at ten cents per pound to their entire satisfaction. It is cheaper than Pork, and may be substituted as a staple article of diet for laboring men, to their great advantage and comfort.

The milk is brought in by the farmers of the vicinage, weighed as received, and placed in the cooling vat aforesaid. The farmers generally receive a dividend of the proceeds; but the better plan is fast gaining ground of paying the cash for it as fast as received: it being speedily turned into Butter and Cheese, which are cash articles. We estimate that the Dairy product of our State will be increased at least one-fourth by the general introduction of these factories, and that the value of our grass lands will thus be enhanced at least \$10 per acre.—*New York Tribune.*

A HOME FOR THE NEGROES.—A correspondent of the "New York Times," thinks that Mr. Seward's reiterated attempts to get a foothold in the West Indies are a part of a scheme for the acquisition of all the West India Islands, as a future home for the negroes of the Southern States. The great bulk of the inhabitants of Cuba, St. Domingo, Jamaica and adjacent islands, he says, are blacks; and the proximity of these negro countries to our Southern coast would make it an easy thing to bring migration or deportation of the two or three millions of negroes located in the States of our Southern seaboard. The tropical climate and luxuriant soil of these sunny isles would suit them exactly, and they have a great advantage in settling down among their own race and nature. At the same time, the South would be glad to get rid of a dangerous and antagonistic element, and the fear of "negro supremacy" would pass away.

## The Teacher's Betrothal.

William V. Payne, of —, was for many years a most worthy and excellent teacher of sacred music. When he was quite a young man he was teaching a singing school in one of the neighboring towns, which was attended by a large number of young persons, including many of most respectable families.—Among the females was a lovely young lady, twenty years of age, named Patience Adams. Miss Adams made a strong impression on Mr. Payne, and he lost no time in declaring his attachment, and the consent of the parents having been obtained, an engagement was the quick result. Just as Mr. P's attentions became public, and the fact of an engagement became generally known, the school being still in continuance, and all the parties on a certain evening present, Mr. Payne, without any thought of the world, named as a tune for commencing exercise, Federal Street, page 72. Every one loved Patience, and every one entertained the highest respect for Payne; and with a hearty good will on the part of the school, the chorus commenced:

"See gentle Patience smile on Pain,  
See dying hope revive again."

The coincidence was so clear, that the gravity of the young ladies and gentlemen could scarcely be restrained long enough to get through the tune; and as it closed, bright countenances and sparkling eyes "told the whole story," as Dr. Hall would say. The beautiful young lady was still more beautiful with her blushing cheeks and modestly cast down eyes, while the teacher was so exceedingly embarrassed he knew not what he did. Hastily turning over the leaves of the book, his eyes rested on a well known tune, and he called out, "124th page, Dundee." The song began as soon as sufficient order could be restored, and at the last line of the following stanza, the merriment of the school rose to a climax:

"Let no despair or fell revenge,  
Be to my bosom known;  
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,  
And patience for my own."

Patience was already betrothed; she was in fact his. In about a year afterwards they became man and wife.

"Then gentle Patience smiled on Payne,  
And Payne had Patience for his own."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.—Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—Analek is discomfited; Isarel triumphs.

Joshua prays—The sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Athiopel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles.

Elijah prays—The little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—The water of the Jordan is divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—One hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hozekiah prays—The sun dial is turning back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Isarel is free.

Nehemiah prays—The King's heart is softened in a moment.

Ezra prays—The walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

THE CHURCH prays—The Holy Ghost is poured out.

The Church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—The prison shakes; the doors open; every man's bonds are loosed.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE STILL 150 FEET HIGH.—Lieutenant Warren, an officer of the Royal Engineers, has, for a long time past, been engaged at the expense of an English society, in making extensive explorations on the site of the Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem, and has already made some startling discoveries. He has, it is stated, established by actual demonstration that the South wall of the sacred enclosure which contained the temple, is buried for more than half its depth beneath an accumulation of rubbish—probably the ruins of the successive buildings which once crowned it—and that if bared to its foundation, the wall would present an unbroken face of solid masonry of nearly 1,000 feet long, and for a large portion of that distance more than 150 feet in height.

In Paris the people are buried by a company who take charge of all funerals. This company includes eight hundred persons, and it employs several hundred horses. All these horses are either black or white.

ARREST OF COL. KEITH, OF NORTH CAROLINA.—From the "Charlotte Democrat" we learn that Col. Keith, who, during the war, executed thirteen persons in the Laurel Valley, in Western North Carolina, has been arrested, by order of Gen. Canby, and conveyed to Charleston for trial. The persons executed were "raiders," who claimed to be Union men.

SAM —, a negro, by good luck, received a fine start in the world, and soon acquired a handsome property. When he had reached middle life, a friend asked him one day why he did not marry, as a man in his circumstances was abundantly able to support a wife.

"Oh, I consider myself too good to marry a nigger wench," returned Sam, with a fount to turn up his flat nose.

"Marry a white woman then," continued the friend, "the law allows it, I think."

"I'll be hanged if I'd have a white woman that was mean enough to marry a nigger," replied Sam, with a loud guffaw.

## SUT LOVINGOOD'S DREAM.

I was orful dry tother day, George, an' findin' a lot ov green whisky, I jist sucked in a skinkful ov it strait along. The fust mouthful I swallowed I hearn splash in my heels. I war dry and empty both, by golly, so dry that arter hit riz purty well up in me, hit soaked through and stood all over me in draps, making me look like a big reticule kivered with beads, but I swelled tighter arter a while, then I filled up purty soon. As soon as I eod retch hit by runnin a spoon handle down my throto, I shot off steam, and sot into rovin round. Hit warn't long before I found myself tangled by the laigs in the dorg funnel, and I fell in a heap down hill, so I thort the most peaceful thing I eod war to go to sleep, a thinkin ov a runnin win-mill.

Well, I dreamed me a dream. I thort I war in hell, and had been sent ther for votin the Radikal ticket. I felt the justice ov the sentence so much that I didn't feel so oneasy and mad about hit as I would a bin of they had sent me thar fur murderin a bline ole 'oman, or makin a back log ov sum gal's fust baby, arter soakin hit in turpentine, or sich like common wickedness. I thort I had bin thar long enuf to sorter begin to git used to the taste ov the whisky they stills down thar, and I mused say I thinks hit a little better than the truck what the skulkers out ov the Confederit array bilked for the government, because hit didn't create the appetite to cuss, steal or desert half as soon on me, in Tophet, as that 'Twas safer whisky, George, safer whisky." Well, I thort hell was a perfeo run hole—as run as a bum shell, right in the center ov the yearth. The walls war glazed as slick as an inyun peelin, and war but jist half full ov melted dinner pots, dorg irons, an' ole clock wates, with a seum of smoking brimstone a foot deep. The Devil staid aboard ov a bote, and had hisself rowed round jist as he pleased, by the jury what found the bill again Jeff Davis. They looked like thade like to have another pop at that job. I think, by golly, thade hunt a long spell afore tha found hit again.

I thort that war long lather-aided deats suited to the wall to climb by. Tha war squar aided up, so the climb has all to be doo on one side, an' when fellows got tired ov aginim, they jist sot into climin' the cleats. I noticed that new comers war powerful fond ov climin. Thade sorter slack off sometimes, outil tha sunk into the melted clock wates up to the pint ov their tail bone, and by the gost ov a skeered monkey, they'd come up overhanded to their work agin jist a wriglin an' a sortin. Tha worked like squirils on a tred mill. Durned of tha dident keep the thing rolling strate along, and George, jist as sure as you ar a fat hild, that's what keeps the yearth turnin round; I found hit out at ast.

Well, one day the trap door opened and the Devil ordered ole Forney to steer under the hole. He steers wild, and arter swimmin nearly all over hell, he got thar, when down poured into the bote the darndest sluice of mean looking cusses you ever seed. Every body already thar turned thar heads to look at 'em, an' clam faster, skeered at 'em by golly. Tha war Radikils, the last durned one. Sum had ropes run thar nex, with runnin noos ahind the year, sum had holes in their heads, sum had a big gill cut under their chin, and every one showed signs of hard times an' hurry. I seed Stevens, Summer, Wade, Butler, sur named the Beast, and Wendell Phillips. "Hey," sez the Devil, "what's rong abow—eolery?" "Was nor that," sez Summer, "the Constitution people has riz, an' ov korce we are here; say, your Majesty, is Preston Brooks here?" "Oh, no," sez the Devil. "Well," sez Summer, sorter brightnin up an rubbin his hands, "I'm durned glad he ain't." "Stop a minit, sez the Devil, "wot till I sort you all out." He took up a needil as long as a harpoon, and with a big quile of trace chains he threaded it. Then he picked out all the common cusses among 'em, an' a strong 'em on the chain, an' hung the whole bunch over the aidge of the bote into the brimstone. Jehoshaphat! how they aizzled and dove and alosed and sprinkled hot iron about with their tails. A string of sun peach would a bin no whar.

While the Devil war a sortin out the small fry, Butler, sur named the Beast, aidged back to whar I sot in the bote, a keopin one eye sorter on the devil, an' tother on me, and he whispered in my year, "whar's Sisphas?" "Sez I, I don't know, why." "O, nothin, only wanted to see which node the most ov our teards, him or me." Then he whispered, (that mortal off eye ov hisn still sot on the Devil) "say, do you know whar his majesty keeps his spoons?" "Sez I, "does you see that chain hangin over the starn? he keeps 'em in a big pot sunk at tother eod ov hit." He jist went over the starn head fast, and eoned bit, down the chain, outside under the brimstone. Artur being down a spell, he cum back lookin dispirited like, but his general look war powerfully improved by a bath in melted brimstone. I saw he lookt a heap more like a human. "Sez he, "gone, pot and all." I opened my eyes. "Sez he, "haint Forney got on?" "Sez I, mobby so—he's bin fumbilin round the starn a good while." Durned if he didn't sarsh every pocket ole Forney had, and the ole cuss never eotch him at hit, and he got the spoons.

While this was going on Old Thad war a trying to chain him with the Devil, a comparin his foot along with old Nick's. I think the pint war to git off, for I hearn the Devil keep saying, "No, no, I be durned if I do; we has order here now," an' all the time ole Wade wear a pectorin his Majesty for a free ticket on his doggery. I seed that the Devil war a gittin monstrous oneasy. Wendell Phillips kept a watchin fust the side that wot down under the climers, and then the side

what come up out ov the lake. He jist hopped overboard, and swum over thar, an' tried his darndest to turn hit tother way. He grabbed the slopin side ov the cleats, and held on as long as he eod, and then slobb back agin among the melted dorg irons and brimstone. I reckon he must a made fifty trials afore he quit and swum back to the bote, and then he sot in the most yearness manner, to perswade the Devil to take off the cleats an' nail em on agin upside down, so as to run hell backward, an' ov korce the outside world with hit, without givin a reason why hit would help the matter. This made the Devil bile over. He sed not a durned one ov them should stay thar another hour, that thade raise a rebellion and destroy the institution, and then what would the world do, particularly New England? I tell you he jist rared; sez he, "I'll clear my dominions ov you durned quick," and he ranged a big bum mortar what were in the bote, point blank at the hatch-hole, and he loaded in ole Wade, foot fast, and made Forney tetch it off. By golly, he went whizzin thru the hole, and hit ranced whiskey on the lake ontill it burnt blue. Next he grabbed ole Thad. Sez he, tremblin, "Please, your Majesty, lode her in with me," pintin to a she nigger strung on a chain. Sez the Devil, "No sir, I think we can manage her ator you ore gone, and beside she look like she needed a little rest." Bang! and I jist eotch a glimps ov Thad's crooked foot scrapin a splinter off the hatch. Comin nex, he yoked Summer, and he begged to be loaded head fast, as he sed he'd always traveled sturn fust thru life, an' he wanted to finish his jerny the same way on account of his record. So sturn fust he come outen the hatch hole, and I reckon sturn fust he busted agin sumthin away yonder on the outside. Butler's, sur named the Beast, turn come next. "While the Devil war a loadin him in, I observe him busy button up his pockets. When the mortar fired I was watchin the hatch hole, I dident like the idea ov his leavin, but durned if he went thar, he followed the line of his cock eye, and busted inter a million pieces agin the wall. Spoon an' breast-pink fell a foot deep all over the lake, an' I hearn wimmin all ocher.

The Devil then licked his lips, an' went for Wendell, but he jist loped overboard and dove, and to save his life, the Devil couldn't find him. He'll raise trouble thar yet, sez if he don't. Nex he grabbed Forney, his steersman, an' sez he, "you don't steer to suit me," an' he commenced loadin him in, an' don't you believe, jist as the cusses hed wore gain out of site, he whispered in the Devil's ear that I was Jamison, the actor. The Devil remarked, "I've got nothin agin Jamison; you is the one, made at me by golly jist because he seed the Beast out-smarted him in the spoon business.

Thar will be peace in hell for a short while, if the Devil can ketch Wendell, and reconstruct the durned raskil. I reckon he will ketch him for he set all the revenue detectives arter him, an' I tell you, George, hell is full ov the mean cusses, an' more a comin. Ole smutty reached for me last one, and put me down his gun. I sot into beggin hard. Sez he, "you must go, the prosperity of my kingdom demands that nuthin havin the smell ov radikal on it close kin stay here."

28 We learn from a private despatch that twenty-one thousand dollar counterfeit legal tender notes were taken by a Wall street broker in New York yesterday morning.

29 A correspondent writing from Brazil, says the ladies, on being introduced to a stranger, insist on being embraced. Ho, for Brazil!

MANCHESTER, N. H., December 11.—James W. Weston, (Democrat,) has been chosen Mayor, over Clark, the present Republican incumbent, by 300 majority.

## STEVENS HOUSE.

21, 23, 25 & 27, Broadway, N. Y.

Opposite Bowling Green.

## ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVENS HOUSE is well known and widely known to the travelling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—and on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots.

The STEVENS HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 200 guests. It is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season, at moderate prices.

The rooms having been re-furnished and re-modeled, we are enabled to offer extra facilities for the comfort and pleasure of our guests.

GEO. K. CHASE & CO., Proprietors.

June 4, 1867 37 6m

## THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

PICKENS—IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Samuel Lovingsood vs Foreign Attachment.

E. A. Tate, Plaintiff, vs. PEGGY A. Tate, Defendant.

VIRGILAS, the Plaintiff, did, on the 12th day of March, 1867, file his declaration against the Defendant, (who, it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served. It is therefore ordered, that the said defendant do appear and plead thereto, on or before the 14th day of March, 1868; otherwise, final and absolute judgment will then be given and awarded against him.

1. E. HAGOOD, c. c. Clerk's Office, March 12, 1867.

## The Pavilion Hotel,

Charleston, S. C.

THE ABOVE POPULAR HOTEL

IS OPEN FOR THE

Accommodation of the Travelling Public.

BOARD, PER DAY, \$3.00.

MRS. H. L. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietress.

A. BUTTERFIELD, Superintendent.

Nov 12, 1866

## REPORT

OF WILLIAM BIBB, Secretary & Treasurer of Board of Commissioners of Roads and Bridges, 2d Regiment, S. C. M., to Fall Term, 1867:

1867. DR.

March 2.—To cash received of L. Thomas, s. r. d. \$ 150 00  
June 1.—To cash received of S. G. Herndon, T. C. 711 00  
July 17.—To cash received of S. G. Herndon, T. C. 841 98  
\$1705 98

1867. CR.

March 1.—By cash paid H. D. McDonald for repairs on Concess Bridge, \$ 40 00  
June 1.—By cash paid Holcombe & Hagood, part repairs on Keowee Bridge, 300 00  
June 1.—By cash paid W. J. Hannicutt, part Comur's Hughes's order, 35 00  
June 20.—By cash paid J. B. Hannicutt for repairs on Stamp Creek Bridge, 15 00  
July 17.—By cash paid W. H. Gribbling for repairs on Little River and Cane Creek Bridges, 5 00  
July 17.—By cash paid W. J. Hannicutt balance Commission on Hughes's order, 62 50  
June 3.—By cash paid J. A. Doyle for work on Chauga Bridge, 150 00  
June 3.—By cash paid J. A. Doyle for putting handrails on Chauga Bridge, 5 00  
June 3.—By cash paid Joel E. Jones for work on Chauga Bridge, part 15 00  
June 1.—Cash paid R. A. Thompson for advertising, 46 22  
June 1.—By cash paid B. Nicholson for repairs on Bridges, 15 00  
June 1.—By cash paid J. C. Whitton for repairs on Perkins' Creek Bridge, 15 00  
June 1.—By cash paid David Nimmmons for repairs on Perkins' Creek Bridge, 35 00  
June 1.—By cash paid J. C. Mason for building Bridge on Featherdam, part, 30 00  
July 27.—By cash paid M. S. Messer for Plank for Chauga Bridge, 30 00  
July 15.—By cash paid J. Y. Jones for repairs on Chauga Creek Bridge, 75 00  
July 15.—By cash paid J. E. Jones for repairs on Chauga Creek Bridge, 18 00  
July 17.—By cash paid T. B. Brooks for repairs on Whetstone Bridge, 18 00  
July 17.—By cash paid John Oakley for repairs on Cane Creek Bridge, 15 00  
July 17.—By cash paid L. Rogers, part, order Little River Bridge, 30 00  
July 17.—By cash paid Wm. Callis, part order Whetstone Bridge, 30 00  
July 17.—By cash paid Joel Shed, part, order Whetstone Bridge, 19 00  
June 1.—By cash paid Samuel Reid, part, for repairs on Keowee Bridge, 25 00  
July 17.—By cash paid W. H. Stribling for repairs on Cane Creek Bridge, 20 00  
July 17.—By cash paid W. H. Stribling for repairs on Cane Creek Bridge, 6 50  
July 17.—By cash paid H. D. McDonald for repairs on Concess Bridge, 20 00  
August 6.—By cash paid W. C. Stone for repairs on Concess Bridge, 7 00  
May 11.—By cash paid W. Pitchford for Chauga Bridge, part, 300 00  
May 11.—By cash paid Holcombe & Hagood, part for repairs on Keowee Bridge, 100 00  
June 25.—By cash paid E. P. Verner for work on Chauga Bridge, 37 65  
June 25.—By cash paid R. A. Gilmer for Plank for Chauga Bridge, 6 50  
Sept. 14.—By cash paid M. R. Hannicutt for repairs of Bridge east of Ravenel's, 6 00  
Sept. 11.—By cash paid P. McD. Alexander for repairs on wash near lower Keowee Bridge, 4 00  
July 17.—By cash paid J. R. Snelgrove for repairs on Ravenel's Bridge, 13 86  
June 20.—By cash paid W. B. White, part for building Concess Bridge, 30 00  
June 20.—By cash paid W. Pitchford, part for Chauga Bridge, 75 00  
By commission on \$1705.98 received, at 2 per cent., 34 11  
By commission on \$1655.33 paid out, at 2 per cent., 33 10  
\$1723 64

RECAPITULATION:

Gr. By amount paid out, \$1723 64

Dr. To 4 received, 1705 98

Respectfully submitted, \$16 56

WILLIAM BIBB, Sec'y & Treas'r.

Approved: W. B. WHITE, Foreman Grand Jury.

Oct. 21, 1867. 11

## DIE CHARLESTONER ZEITUNG.

JOHN A. WAGENER, Editor.

UNDER the above head the undersigned proposes to publish a German Weekly Paper, to be the organ of the German population, and devoted to the interests of this State, in Encouraging Immigration and Industrial Cults.

Trade, Agriculture, Commerce, Arts and the news of the day will be given.

Gen. J. A. Wagener has kindly consented to undertake the Editorial management for the present.

Subscription—\$3 00 for twelve months; \$1 50 for six months; \$1 00 for three months.

Advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

C. G. ERCKMANN & CO., Charleston, October, 1867.

## JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE

On the most Reasonable Terms.

42 Cedar Street, New York.

May 6, 1867.

## DISTRICT DIRECTORY.

Clerk of the Court—J. E. HAGOOD.

Sheriff—L. THOMAS.

Ordinary—W. E. HOLCOMBE.

Commissioner in Equity—R. A. THOMPSON.

Coroner—W. J. Gantt.

Commissioners to Approve the Bonds of Public Officers—J. J. Norton, Jos. Burnett, J. H. Ambler, James Lawrence, Sam'l Reid.

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5th Regiment—F. A. Hoke, Chairman; E. H. Griffin, Treasurer; J. B. Clayton, Clerk; J. D. Gasaway, J. A. Ballinger, Alex. Aldred, Thos. R. Prier, S. D. Keith, Henry Williams, J. T. Gossett, J. W. Singleton, Thos. Dillard.

Internal Revenue—F. A. Hoke, Assessor. J. W. Cobb, Collector.

## RECONSTRUCTED POST OFFICES

POST OFFICE NAME OF POSTMASTER

Pickens C. H. : : Catharine T. Gibson

Pickensville : : O. M. Folger

Wallalla : : C. C. H. Isertell

Fair Play : : Benj. R. Doughty

Arnold's Mills : : Wm. McManhan

Hunter's Mills : : Wm. Hunter, Jr.

Mill Creek : : Mary J. Robins

Dan